

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,  
 And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,  
 And these few precepts in thy memorie  
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,  
 Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,  
 Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,  
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment  
 Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage; beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,  
 Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee:  
 Giue euerie man thy eare, but few thy voice,  
 Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement,  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not exprest in fancie; rich not gaudie,  
 For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:  
 And they in *France* of the best ranke and station,  
 Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,  
 For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,  
 And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:  
 This about all, to thine owne selfe be true  
 And it must follow as the night the day  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:  
 Farewell my blessing season this in thee.

*Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

*Pol.* The time inuests you, go, your seruants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well  
 What I haue said to you.

*Oph.* Tis in my memorie lockt  
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. *Exit, Laertes.*

*Pol.* What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* Marrie well bethought

Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
 Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe  
 Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous,

## Prince of Denmark

If it be so, as so tis put on me,  
 And that in way of caution I must  
 You doe not vnderstand your selfe  
 As it behooues my daughter and  
 What is betweene you giue me vnderstand.

*Oph.* He hath my Lord of late  
 Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake  
 Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance  
 Doe you belecue his tenders, as you doe mine?

*Oph.* I doe not know my Lord.

*Pol.* Marrie I will teach you,  
 That you haue tane these tenders  
 Which are not sterling: tender your selfe  
 Or (not to cracke the wind of the truth)  
 Wrong it thus, youle tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My Lord he hath importuned me  
 In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* I, fashion you may call it  
*Oph.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech,  
 My Lord, with almost all the ho-  
 nours of the court.

*Pol.* I, springes to catch Woodcocks  
 When the bloud burnes, how prone they are  
 Lends the tongue vowes, these blinde  
 Giuing more light then heate, ex-  
 Euen in their promise, as it is a m-  
 You must not tak't for fire: from the  
 Be some thing scatter of your m-  
 Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
 Then a command to parle; for Le-  
 Beleue so much in him, that he is  
 And with a larger teder may he v-  
 Then may be giuen you: in few  
 Doe not beleue his vowes, for the  
 Not of that die which their inue-  
 But meere implorators of vnhol-  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious  
 The better to beguile: this is for  
 I would not in plaine termes from